Your Favorite Creditor

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by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

Having fallen prey to one of Cipher's thieving runs, they try to earn their possessions back.

The reader learns exactly what it's like to be indebted to the Fleet-Footed Traveler.

Notes

Do NOT ask me about the things I fantasize about cipher it's bad

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

The walk back to that damnable alley was the longest of your life. Every step was a battle against the screaming urge to turn and run, to just flee Dolos and never look back. But the amount of money that you had in your wallet was way too much, too much of it was borrowed. To have your identity and freedom condensed into a leather wallet in her possession, was a stronger chain than any physical restraint.

You wore your most modest dress, a high-collared coat over top, but you could still feel the phantom sensation of her hands on your skin, and the real, throbbing bruise on your neck felt like a beacon of shame beneath the fabric.

You arrived at the mouth of the alley, your heart a frantic drum against your ribs. The space was empty, filled only with the same grime and oppressive silence as yesterday. For a wild, hopeful moment, you thought she might not show. Perhaps it was all just a cruel, one-time game.

"Hey~ You’re right on time. I knew I could count on you."

The voice, a satin purr, came from directly above. You snapped your head up to see Cipher perched on a low, tiled roof, swinging her legs like a bored child. With a lithe, impossible grace, she dropped to the ground, landing in a silent crouch before straightening up, a wide, predatory grin spreading across her face.

Before you could even flinch, she closed the distance, invading your personal space with an air of absolute smug entitlement. She draped an arm around your shoulders, pulling you into a one-armed hug that was less an embrace and more an act to show that she could.

"It's so nice when people learn the rules so quickly," she chirped, her cheek pressing against yours for a moment. "No chasing, no fuss. Just obedience. It's my favorite quality." She pulled back slightly, her cyan eyes glittering as they roamed your face. "I missed you, you know. I was so bored all morning without someone to talk to."

Her free hand came up, her sharp nails gently scraping along your jawline before her fingers tangled in your hair, tugging slightly. "Did you miss me?"

The question hung in the air, a blatant test. It was a lie, a disgusting,

palpable lie, but you knew what she wanted. Your throat felt tight, the words like scratching sand. "...Yes," you managed to spit out. "I missed you."

Her grin widened, clearly enjoying this way too much. "Say it properly."

You took a shaky breath, the humiliation a bitter taste in your mouth. "I missed you, Cipher."

"Perfect!" she exclaimed, what seemed to be actual, genuine delight in her tone. She rewarded your submission by pressing her body fully against yours, her hands starting up their brazen exploration once more. It was just like yesterday, yet somehow worse. The shock was gone, replaced by a dreadful familiarity. Her palms smoothed down your back, her fingers tracing your spine, before one hand dipped low to cup and squeeze your ass firmly.

"See? Was that so hard?" she murmured, her lips finding the sensitive shell of your ear. "You're learning so fast." She nuzzled against you, her hands roaming your front, over your ribs, her thumbs brushing the undersides of your breasts. "Now, come on. This lobby is a bit too public for our reunion. I know a cozier spot."

She didn't wait for an answer, simply steering you with a firm hand on the small of your back, guiding you deeper into the labyrinthine alleys. She kept you plastered to her side, her hip brushing yours with every step, a constant, possessive physical reminder of who was in charge. She led you down a series of twisting, narrow passages until you reached a dead end, a small, dark cul-de-sac walled in on three sides by towering, windowless brick. The only light came from a single, sputtering gas lamp that cast long, dancing shadows, making the space feel like a stage for some terrible play.

"Here we are," she announced cheerfully. "Much more private."

She spun you around and pushed you back against the cold, damp brick wall. The position was horrifyingly familiar. Her body caged yours, her hands braced on the wall on either side of your head.

"Now," she said, her voice dropping, yet keeping its playful edge. "For today's lesson." Her hands moved from the wall to your shoulders, her grip firm. She began to apply a steady, downward pressure. "On your knees."

An instant, defiant instinct flared through you. "No," you breathed,

your hands coming up to push against her chest, a futile, pathetic gesture of resistance.

Her expression didn't change, but her eyes showed it. "Aw c'mon, don't be difficult," she said, her voice lowered even more. "You're a bad liar, and you're even worse at fighting. Are you forgetting our deal already? You do what I ask."

She released one of your shoulders and reached into her pouch, producing your wallet. She flicked it open and pulled out a couple bills of your own money, waving it slowly in front of your face. "You want this back, don't you? A big step towards earning your life back. All you have to do," she continued, her voice softening back into a poisonous sweetness as she resumed her downward pressure, "is hold still and be a very, very good girl for me."

The fight went out of you in a single, crushing wave of despair. There was no escape. There was nothing you could really do that didn't result in you holding the losing cards. With clenched teeth and the best death stare you could, your knees buckled. You sank down, the rough, uneven cobblestones scraping painfully against your legs through the fabric of your pants. You were on your knees before her in the filth of the alley, the cold brick at your back.

"That's it," she purred, her voice full of satisfaction. She looked down at you, a complacent goddess gazing upon a supplicant. The wad of bills disappeared back into her pouch. "Just hold still."

You heard a faint, metallic rasp, and your eyes, which had been squeezed shut, flew open. Your gaze was level with her hips. She was working at the zipper of her bodysuit, a self-congratulatory smile playing on her lips as she watched the terror dawn on your face.

As she pulled it slid down with agonizing slowness, each tick of the individual notches audible in the suffocating quiet of the cul-de-sac. The dark fabric of her bodysuit parted, revealing the pale, smooth skin of her stomach and the silvery curls of her below it. Your breath hitched, your mind refusing to process what was happening even as your eyes were locked on her.

With a motion that was completely casual and unassuming, she reached into her suit. She fished around for a second before drawing herself out into the dim, flickering light. You stared, completely mesmerized. She was large, shockingly so, a thick, cream-colored slab of meat that was already semi-hard and throbbing with a life of its

own. A single, glistening bead of fluid already pearled at the head. She held herself in her hand, her grip clearly familiar with handling herself.

She positioned the tip of her cock directly over your face, so close you could feel the heat radiating from it, yet not quite touching. Her shadow fell over you, a complete and total eclipse.

Her other hand came up, not to touch you, but to lazily sweep a stray strand of grey hair from her face. Her eyes, dark with undisguised lust, roamed over your kneeling form as if you were a masterpiece she had just acquired.

"There now," she lilted playfully, her voice a low, husky rumble. That same smug ass smile still etched onto her lips. "That’s a much better view."

Then, she began to stroke herself.

Her movements were slow and lazy. It wasn't the frantic motion of someone desperate for release, but the indulgent, luxurious rhythm of someone savoring a meal down to the last bite. She wasn't just masturbating; she was performing, using her own pleasure as another tool of domination. Her gaze never left your face, watching every flicker of emotion—the fear, the disgust, the shame—as it crossed your features.

"Look at you," she murmured, words full of arousal. "So pleasing to the eye, even down here in the dirt. Those pretty eyes, full of disgust... it's a good look on you. I knew the second I saw you, all flustered in that market, that I had to have you. I had to see what you'd look like when you were on the floor, when all that prim and proper nonsense was stripped away."

Her stroke deepened, her knuckles brushing against her thigh with a soft, wet sound that made you want to recoil. "And look how easy it was," she continued, her tone shifting to one of mocking disbelief. "Some fine piece of ass from a noble house Dolos, on her knees in a filthy alley for a lowly street thief. What would your peers say, huh? If they could see one of their own doing all this for a couple dollars? Your little high-society friends, the ones you gossip with over tea and cakes? They'd faint."

She leaned down slightly, bringing her cock closer to your face. You could smell her now, a heady, musky scent, mingled with the faint sweetness of honey. "But you're not thinking about them, are you?"

she purred. "Right now, you're only thinking about me. You're only thinking about this."

To emphasize her point, she dragged the slick, fat head of her cock across your cheek. The sensation was electric, a wet, hot trail against your cold skin that made you tremble. Stifling the heated response you had caught in your throat, you just sat back on your heels and took it. Her touch was not forceful, but it was confident.

"Shhh," she soothed, though her eyes danced with that same infuriating amusement. She traced the same path back along your jawline, leaving a glistening trail of her arousal on your skin. "No need to act so scared about it. It's just me." Her free hand came up to gently cup your cheek, her thumb wiping away the dampness she'd left behind, only to smear it across your lips. "You're trembling. Are you excited? It's okay. You can be both."

She continued her slow, steady strokes, her gaze intense, her whole being focused on the twin acts of her pleasure and your degradation. "Feels good though, doesn't it?" she spoke, dragging the tip of her cock slowly, deliberately, across your lips this time. You clamped your mouth shut, but you couldn't erase the feeling, the pressure, the taste of her seeping in. "So warm. So alive. So much better than that stuffy, cold world you're probably used to. I bet you want to taste it. I bet you're dying to know what a real taste of freedom is like, after a lifetime of bland, tasteless little meals."

Her breathing grew heavier, her hips beginning to move in rhythm with her hand. She was getting closer, the pleasure building in her, and she wanted you to be the vessel for it. Her hand on your cheek tightened, her fingers pressing inwards to try and pucker your mouth open while holding you firmly in place. Her lazy strokes stopped. She held herself, fully engorged and dripping with precum, just an inch from your sealed lips.

Her voice, when she spoke again, had the most cocky and goading look yet, all that prior teasing clearly building up to her next request.

"Open your mouth."

Unlike her previous requests, this one was phrased like a command. It was a simple, three-word sentence, yet it made you so unbelievably annoyed. Every fiber of your being screamed in defiance. Your jaw clenched, your lips pressed together into a thin, white line of refusal. You would not. Not for her. This was a line you would not let her

force you to cross. You sat there, confident in your stance.

Cipher didn't get angry. She didn't yell or threaten you with violence. Her response was far worse: a soft, disappointed sigh, followed by a casual shrug.

"No?" she said, her voice light and airy, as if you'd just refused a cup of tea. "That's a shame. Truly." You could hear the smirk in her voice without needing to see it. "Well, I can't very well pay for poor service, can I? That's just bad business." She paused, letting the implication sink in. "No money for you today then, little mouse. And we were making such good progress, too."

Her hand, which had been holding you still, moved away. You felt a brief, foolish flicker of hope that it was over, that she was giving up. But then the wet, rhythmic sound started again, faster this time, more intense. Her hips began to thrust with each powerful stroke, a steady, hypnotic rhythm of self-pleasure.

"Maybe we can try again tomorrow," she continued conversationally, her voice growing a little breathless. "But for now... I really do hate to let a good thing go to waste."

You felt a hot, viscous drop land on your chest. Your brows furrowed with helplessness. A thick, clear glob of precum was already soaking into the dark wool of your dress, a stark, glistening stain. Another drop landed, then another, a slow, deliberate defilement. She was pointing herself directly at you, her strokes timed to spatter her arousal all over your front, marking you with the product of your own decision.

The sight of it, the feeling of it, the absolute humiliation of being used as a mere receptacle for her overflow while being denied your one pathetic goal... it was enough to push past the remnants of your previous statement. This was her power: not just forcing you to do things, but making your defiance utterly pointless and even more degrading than submission.

A low, wounded sound escaped your throat. Your jaw trembled. Slowly, reluctantly, with a sense of dread so profound it felt like you were drowning, you parted your lips.

The stroking stopped instantly. A wide, shit-eating grin bloomed on Cipher's face. "Awww, there she is," she cooed, her voice so smug it made you want to punch her. "That's my good girl. I knew you could do it."

Her free hand came up and gently, almost tenderly, petted your head, her fingers stroking through your hair in a gesture one might give to a well-behaved animal. "I just love how easy it is to push you around," she lipped, as obnoxiously as she could. "All that pride, all that fire, and it just melts away the second you realize you won't get your treat. It's so funny~."

She leaned down, her body casting you once more in shadow. But she didn't thrust her cock into your waiting mouth. Instead, she pressed the wide, leaking tip against your open lips, a firm, wet pressure. It was a a sloppy openmouthed kiss, an imprint on your mouth for her own pleasure. You could taste the salt and musk of her arousal, an intimate, overwhelming flavor that flooded your senses.

"Mmm, yes... just like that," she moaned, the sound a low vibration against your lips. "So warm and wet for me. Almost like you were made for it. Made to take whatever I want to give you."

Her hips moved, not thrusting, but rotating slowly, grinding the head of her cock against your mouth, smearing her fluid over your lips and chin. Then, she pushed just the very tip inside, tapping it gently, playfully, against your tongue. You flinched, but her hand in your hair held you steady. She was exploring, savoring the feeling of your submission, drawing out every second of your degradation for her own exquisite enjoyment.

She looked down at the sight, her cyan eyes half-lidded with pleasure. "Look at us. A perfect picture. You look good with cock in your mouth... even if it is just the tip." A stupid chuckle rumbled in her chest. "Don't worry though," she purred, her voice a strained whisper as she continued her teasing, tapping rhythm against your tongue. "We'll cross that bridge when we get there. For now... I just want to enjoy this."

The perverse kiss ended as she pulled back, leaving your lips feeling violated and tingling, slippery with her essence. A jovial little giggle came out to mock you. She looked down at you, kneeling in the filth, and her eyes were clearly drinking it in. The sight of your submission, your open, waiting mouth, seemed to fuel her arousal to a fever pitch.

She resumed her stroking, but the lazy, teasing pace was gone. Now, her movements were long, deep, and powerful. She was fucking her own hand, her grip tight at the base of her cock, sliding all the way up the thick shaft to the hilt, then slowly, deliberately, drawing it back down as she coated her entire length in the fluid. Each motion was a

display of raw, confident sexuality, a performance for you and you alone. The wet, slapping sound of her hand against her thighs echoed off the wall behind your head.

"Fuck~," she panted, her voice strained, husky. Her hips began to rock in a steady rhythm, keeping time with her hand. "It just gets me going you know? You were just so easy. Makes me wonder about all the other things I can get you to do."

Her free hand came up, not to touch herself, but to gently, almost reverently, caress your cheek. Her thumb stroked the soft skin beneath your eye, a shocking gesture of tenderness in the midst of such profound degradation. "All this soft skin," she murmured, her gaze fixed on her own hand working her erection. "All this pampered warmth... and it's all mine to ruin. All mine to use."

Her breath hitched, and long, velvety moan panted out. Her pace quickened, the deep strokes becoming more urgent. "Alright..." she whispered, her voice tight with impending pleasure. "Open up, I got a nice, big reward for you~"

She looked you dead in the eyes, her own pupils blown wide as she watched you reluctantly part your lips more. "C'mon now, wider than that." Her voice was no longer a purr; it was hurried, silky. "And cup your hands too. You wouldn't want to spill any of your hard-earned payment, would you?"

With a shuddering whimper of surrender, you did as you were told. Your mouth opened wide, a dark, waiting cavern of humiliation. Your hands, trembling, came up to form a crude bowl beneath your chin. The position was utterly debasing, the posture of a beggar waiting for scraps.

"Perfect," she hissed through her teeth. She stopped stroking for a moment, using her hand to aim herself carefully, her cock twitching and leaking thick drops of precum that spattered onto your cupped palms.

Her entire body went rigid. A deep, primal groan was torn from her throat as her balls cinched up tight against her body. Her back arched, and she resumed her stroking, milking herself with long, drawn out tugs as the first hot, thick, pearlescent rope of semen shot from the tip of her dick.

It hit the back of your throat with a force that made you gag, but the stream was unrelenting. Thick shot after thick shot jetted out, a

pulsing, rhythmic flood of her climax. It was warm and salty, the taste of her a complete invasion of your senses. The volume was immense, filling your mouth, spilling over your lips and down your chin into your cupped hands. A stray shot went wide, splattering across your cheek and into your hair, another landing as a hot, sticky patch on the shoulder of your dress.

She rode the wave of her orgasm, groaning and panting, her eyes squeezed shut in ecstasy, until the last shuddering pulse had ebbed away. She stood there for a moment, breathing heavily, her chest rising and falling, a look of sublime, predatory satisfaction on her face. Her spent cock, throbbing and dripping, was still pointed at you.

Her eyes fluttered open and fixed on yours. Giving you another uppish little smirk. "Swallow."

The grimace on your face tightened as you forced yourself to obey, the thick, slimy fluid a disgusting, heavy presence in your mouth. You swallowed once, twice, the muscles in your throat contracting as the gunk made its way down.

"Good girl," she panted, a pleased smile gracing her lips. "Clean plate club." Before you could react, she leaned down and hooked a thumb into the corner of your mouth, pulling your cheek to the side to inspect her handiwork. She peered inside curiously, as if everything permeating the inside wasn't of her own making. "Excellent. Not a drop wasted."

Satisfied, she let you go and stepped back, casually tucking her soft cock back into her bodysuit and zipping it up with a single, quick pull. She reached into your wallet again, pulled out a couple, low-denomination bills, and folded them neatly.

She leaned down one last time and simply slid the folded bill between your teeth, letting it go when you bit down.

"You did so well today," she complimented you, her voice back to its light, teasing tone. "A real natural talent." She straightened up, her gaze already distant, the encounter over for her. "Be here tomorrow. Same time."

And with that, she turned, gave her tail a lazy swish, and vanished back into the labyrinth of shadows, leaving you kneeling in a dark alley, defiled and paid for with your own money, the taste of her still coating your tongue and the summons for your next torment already delivered.

End Notes

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

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